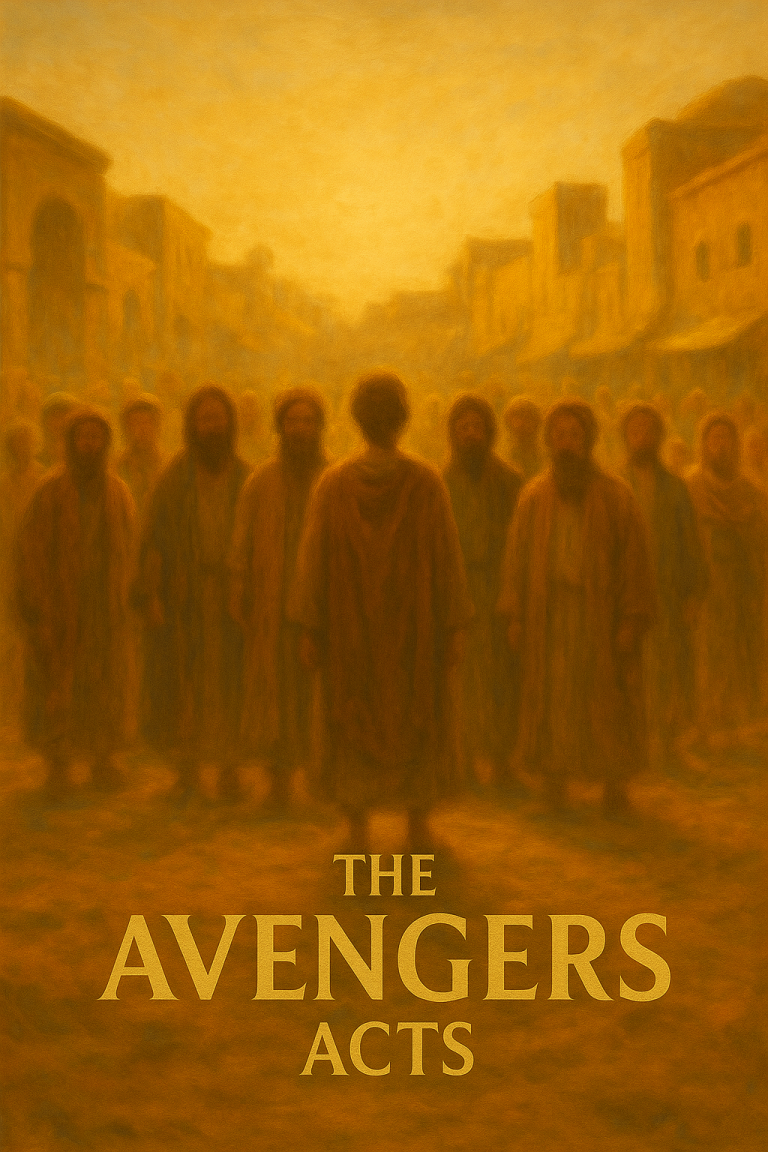
THE
AVENGERS
ACTS

Ⅰ. THE DEPARTURE OF THE MASTER

And when the sky tore open,

the Light of the world rose beyond their sight.

Clouds folded around Him like a throne,

and all that was left on Earth —

were men who once trembled,

now holding fire inside their chests.

They looked at each other, unsure.

The world was falling apart,

and the King was gone.

But Heaven whispered,

“I have not left you comfortless.

Wait in Jerusalem —

and I will clothe you with Power.”

Ⅱ. THE FIRE DESCENDS

Then came the Wind.

Not a breeze — but a roar.

Tongues of flame wrapped their souls,

and the weak became thunder.

Peter, the fisherman,

stood up like a soldier.

John, the dreamer, saw the Spirit move like lightning.

Thomas believed again.

And the first Church was born —

not of walls or temples,

but of hearts burning the same flame.

It was Pentecost.

The moment Heaven assembled its team.

Ⅲ. THE MISSION BEGINS

They healed with hands that once trembled.

They walked through prisons that could not hold them.

They preached to emperors and beggars alike.

Each man — a fragment of the Messiah,

each woman — a vessel of His fire.

They were not heroes of armor,

but of surrender.

They fought no army,

yet toppled empires.

When the world struck them down,

they rose again —

not by power,

but by Presence.

Ⅳ. THE ARRIVAL OF THE OUTSIDER

And then —

a blinding light found Saul on the road.

He fell to the dust,

the persecutor of saints,

the scholar of law,

the hunter of truth.

“Why do you fight Me?” the Voice thundered.

He could not answer.

For the fire he once hated

now lived in him.

From Saul, the destroyer —

came Paul, the architect.

The last to join the team,

the one who would carry the gospel

beyond Jerusalem —

to the stars of the gentiles.

V. THE CHURCH RISES

And so it was —

that the broken became brave,

the fearful became fierce,

and the ordinary became eternal.

They had no capes.

No crowns.

Only one Spirit.

One mission.

One King.

And through them,

He built the first Kingdom not of stone,

but of souls.

✠ EPILOGUE

They fell,

one by one,

but their flame did not die.

For every martyr lit another torch.

And the Light continued to spread —

through centuries, through tongues,

through us.

The Avengers of Heaven.

The Guardians of Grace.

The ones who turned the world upside down.